

THE GREAT SIMPLICITIES

By the side of a Kentish village green the Minister of Health has opened two cottages. They stand in all their new paint and woodwork as symbols of the new time that is here for the countryside. Those cottages have been a long time coming, and there are still three thousand to be built. But they will be built clean and new to house those men and women who are to be proud inheritors of England's land.

For too long have we condemned the land worker to life in small, dark cottages, sometimes picturesque, but more often insanitary and inadequate for his family. He, the worker in our greatest and oldest industry, has often lived adjoining the broad acres of a farm in a house unfit to be called a home and poorly equipped with the ordinary decencies of civilised life.

A New Pride

Now comes a new beginning all over the country. The new cottages are to house a race of children who will not be ashamed of their father's calling; who will delight in their new homes, and will look out on the countryside with new pride.

England lives by the land. Scratch an Englishman and you scratch a countryman. Somewhere in the heart of most men in the great cities there is an abiding affection for the land: A green field, a stretch of the downs, a rugged mountain are there, somewhere in the heart. It may be only the memory of far-off days of childhood, or even the more primitive memory of ancestors who once tilled the soil and followed the unfolding furrow.

SUCH memories and yearnings keep us a people close to the great simplicities. The long, slow seasons, the unhurried procession of the years as they pass across the countryside are truly part of our very being. They have helped to make us, and we neglect at our peril all that goes with them.

We may live pent in the city streets and ply our calling in the crowded office and factory, but our hearts are out among the green things where the curlew calls and the gentle burbling of the brown stream goes on endlessly from moor to sea.

Their Rightful Due

This is the England of which men dream, who are now exiled, and in the building of a new country we must begin with the great simplicities. So those men and women who live and work among the great simplicities and who keep them fresh and living for us, must be given their rightful due and a fair place to live in.

England lives by the greatness of the land. Perhaps for too long we have merely admired the countryside. We have gone to it for refreshment and health. But we have overlooked its real greatness—that it is a vast workshop producing and offering to men the lasting gifts of food and health. We have again to exalt the essential greatness of country life.

The strong back bent over the hoe; the long and laborious enriching of the soil; the sewing and the reaping; the tending of cattle and the dull work in the winter field—

these form part of the greatness of the land. For here is men's labour and dedication, and for those fields generations have lived and toiled and died.

So in our new world we shall see that the men who work and the women who talk and laugh in the countrylands and create homes in the villages are given an adequate place in our national life. No longer shall we think of town and country as separate and opposing places, but as parts of a great whole. Each must love and serve the other.

Moor and Mountain

For it is in the wide spaces of the country that the townsman will grow rich in grace and simplicity, filling his lungs with the pure air of the fields and glowing with health as he strides the moors. In the country, too, none of these things will be reserved for the privileged. Moor and mountain must be open to everyone as long as he respects the fine creation which man has not made but only inherited.

England must build on the greatness of the land. While in our great workshops and factories we must continue to work with vigour in order to lead in the markets of the world, we must not again allow our land to be neglected. No longer must waste acres, untilled fields, and inefficient methods disgrace the land which is our inheritance.

THIS land of ours is a great foundation for us all. To look upon God's creation by wood and fell is a ministry to the soul of man of which he stands constantly in need. It teaches him his own smallness and insignificance. In the shadow of the great hills he cannot but measure his own puny stature. The wide-spreading panorama of lake and moorland reminds him of the infinite and unchanging purposes of God. The great hills which stand eternal are His Creation. They speak of the mighty purposes which are gathered into the heart of Almighty God. All men must come to see this source of true faith and wisdom and to see it often.

Simple Sights and Sounds

Upon the greatness of the great simplicity we may plan for the future. It is the privilege of lifting up the heart in the presence of the mighty creations of air and earth and sky that we crave for all men. If there is something of this uplifting in the life of the nation we need not fear for the future. A foundation laid upon the great simplicity will surely endure. It was of that simplicity that the young Rupert Brooke wrote so wistfully:

*Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester!
To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten,
Unforgettable, unforgotten,
River-smell, and hear the breeze
Sobbing in the little trees.
Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?*

THERE amid these simple sights and sounds lies the secret of a nation's greatness. If our nation holds fast to the simplicity of those things that God has created it may look out, with growing wisdom, on its own plans and creations.

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WLA in Action

A member of the Women's Land Army picking late apples at the East Malling Research Station near Maidstone

AN AFFAIR OF AMBASSADORS

IN the capitals of the few countries that remain neutral in this war much tact is needed by the Foreign Affairs Ministries in connection with the calls paid by the ambassadors of the countries at war with one another. It must often be a case of Box and Cox, and those ticklish questions of precedence do not now arise.

On more than one occasion has a question of precedence caused trouble in the chancelleries, and once actually led to one of the strangest battles ever fought on British soil.

On September 30, 1661, the Swedish ambassador to England was to be received in state by King Charles the Second, and all the ambassadors were duly invited. Whether the French or the Spanish ambassador should rank higher had never been settled. King Charles was in a most difficult position. To favour either party would be to alienate the other. He resolved to take no part in the quarrel, but the population of London and Southwark turned out en masse to enjoy the spectacle of the certain clash of the hostile ambassadors. When the Swedish ambassador

landed at Gravesend the King was there to meet him. The new ambassador sat in the royal coach, which took its place at the head of the procession. The Marquis d'Estrade, the French ambassador, ordered his coachman to swing into line behind, but the Baron de Batteville, the Spanish ambassador, also commanded his coach to follow immediately behind the King's.

The lane leading to the City was too narrow to permit two coaches to drive side by side. The Spaniards blocked the road and were set upon furiously by the French guards, who outnumbered them three to one, but they beat them back. Tower Hill became a battlefield. The French coach was crippled, and a counter attempt to cut the traces of the Spanish coach failed. The Spanish coach escaped in the wake of the King, leaving the Frenchmen to repair the damage to their carriage.

This extraordinary battle, fought under the shadow of the walls of London, nearly caused a war between France and Spain. In the end the Spaniards gave in to the indignant Louis the Fourteenth.

From Apennines to Alps

NAPLES, the prize harbour of southern Italy, to gain which the Allies dared the beaches of Salerno, has been won.

Its capture had been preceded by that of Foggia with its invaluable airfields, so that both sea power and air power, in which the Allies are undeniably stronger than the Nazis, have sure bases from which to support the advancing land forces.

The main object of this thrilling campaign is of course to force the enemy completely out of Italy; but there are big hopes that as we press them back we may round up more considerable forces than the rearguards of a retreating army, or even win one of those decisive battles for which Italy has been famous.

The rate of progress must to a great extent be determined by the Apennines, which run as an unbroken chain for the whole length of the peninsula. This range continues those Maritime Alps which divide Italy from France and make the Italian Riviera so sheltered and beautiful a coast as they sweep eastwards behind the Gulf of Genoa and round Tuscany towards the Adriatic. From their northern flanks descend the many tributaries of the Po, whose wide basin may be the scene of a culminating battle. The sheerer south flank looks down on the River Arno, on whose banks, 50 miles from the sea, stands Florence the magnificent.

Not far away rises the Tiber to flow south, at first in company with the main ridge and later to cross the low-lying Campagna into Rome.

The Apennines, however, continue in a south-easterly direction

parallel to the Adriatic, attaining in Monte Corno their highest summit at 9560 feet.

Between Rome and Naples, as between the Arno and the lower reaches of the Tiber, the coast belt is comparatively low and wide, and includes the Pontine Marshes; but on the Adriatic side the descent is more abrupt, so that many rivers rush down through precipitous gorges. Consequently General Montgomery's progress may prove the more arduous; but both armies will be able to keep in touch, for crossing the chain are passes, some traversed by railways, which in places follow roads engineered by the Ancient Romans. One of the most important is the Tramonti Pass linking Pistoia (near Florence) with Bologna.

For the most part treeless and rugged, the Apennines are a dreary spectacle, nor have they the merit of being a source of mineral wealth. Marble from Carrara and other quarries has made its way, as sculpture, however, all over the world.

The finest examples of these marbles remain in Italy itself, and all lovers of the beautiful are praying that the progress of the Allies will be such that the Nazis will not have time to carry off or destroy the treasures which have attracted all the civilised world to this ancient country.

For Ever Scotland

PEACE has spread her mantle once more over the North African deserts—the Desert Victory has been won. But the scars of battle have not yet healed, and many memorials stand as all-too-eloquent witnesses of conflict and sacrifice.

Far away in the Egyptian desert is a little Scottish kirk built by Scotsmen as a memorial to their fellow-countrymen who have fallen in the Middle East. Built in four months by men from the Black Watch, the Camerons, and other famous Scottish regiments, whose crests

are carved in the stone walls, it was designed by Captain J. Wingate, of the Highland Light Infantry, and has stained windows by Lieut. T. Eadie, of the Gordon Highlanders. Pulpit, lectern, and communion table commemorate three Scottish chaplains who laid down their lives.

There under a desert sky stands this kirk, raised with strong but loving hands by Scotsmen far from their own kirk as a tribute to Scotsmen who will see their own kirk no more, and a beacon of Christianity for all.

PARAFFIN PROBLEM FOR FARMERS

Farmers at Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire are very indignant because the authorities in their district have practically banned the use of paraffin for stable lamps. This means, say these farmers, that their hard-working dairymaids will have to milk the cows by candlelight this winter (if they can get the candles) or else go a-milking in the chilly darkness.

A cow, like a cat, may be able to see in the dark, but a dairymaid cannot. Some farms have electric light, but not all, and most farmhouses and cottages depend on paraffin, not merely for lighting, but to a great extent for cooking. Paraffin lamps are their stand-by, and are greatly used for stable work. We know that paraffin is scarce, and the strictest economy essential, but it is surely false economy to ask the industrious land-girl to milk cows in the dark.

Conscience!

Mr Churchill's words have come true. Italy regrets her war with Abyssinia, as he warned Mussolini at the time that she would. The fact is illustrated by the following story.

While the fighting was at its hottest in Sicily, American Negroes engaged with the Pioneer Corps were busily employed in making good the damage done by the German demolition squads. Around the scene gathered a number of friendly Italians who looked with curiosity on the coloured men. At last one of them ventured to ask the white American officer who these men were.

"These?" he replied in jest. "Oh, these are Abyssinians." "Abyssinians!" they gasped, then with one accord they bolted for home. They remembered, and feared reprisals. Thus, in our day, as in Hamlet's, "conscience does make cowards of us all."

LORD LLOYD MEMORIAL

LORD LLOYD was a great Empire man; the Navy League, of which he was once president, has been described by Lord Bennett as one of the cements of Empire; and the Sea Cadet Corps, of which Lord Lloyd was so great a supporter, may aptly be termed one of the bulwarks of the Empire's future greatness.

Fitting it is, therefore, that the Navy League should have given an inaugural blessing to a fund which is to be a memorial to Lord Lloyd and an endowment for the Sea Cadet Corps, a fund to equip it with adequate social and training centres, and to develop its Empire functions.

The Sea Cadet Corps, now under Admiralty control, has 50,000 members who are already fulfilling the promise seen in the movement by Lord Lloyd.

TWO CAME THROUGH

A thrilling story of the dark days of 1942 has just been told—a Merchant Navy epic of ships in convoy on their way to Malta, and of the two, Orari and Troilus, which alone struggled through to bring succour to the beleaguered island fortress.

It was early in June 1942 that six cargo-ships sailed in convoy from the Clyde bound for Malta. At Gibraltar their escort was strengthened by a battleship and two aircraft-carriers, and they went on their way.

On June 14 they were attacked by strong formations of enemy aircraft. Thirty were shot down, and during the night an enemy submarine was destroyed; but a Dutch merchant ship was sunk and a cruiser damaged.

At daybreak warships of the Italian fleet opened fire, but they were chased away and German dive-bombers took up the fight. Another cargo vessel was hit and abandoned before she blew up. Two more were sunk by dive-bombers within sight of Malta.

The only two merchant ships to steam into Valetta harbour were the Troilus and the Orari. The Orari had struck a mine off Malta, but this exploded in the only hold which did not carry either petrol or munitions.

Between February and August 1942 these were the only two ships to reach Malta, but they brought with them 22,000 tons of desperately needed supplies.

YOUTH AND LEISURE

Mr R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, has asked the Youth Advisory Council to make a further report. They are to consider, in view of the extended period of education provided for in the White Paper on educational reconstruction, what should be the work of the Youth Service in furthering the all-round training of adolescents through leisure-time activity.

The leisure-time training of young people at the dawning of citizenship is one of the greatest responsibilities of a Youth Service.

THINGS SEEN

Bundles of onions hanging 30 feet high under the eaves of a Teynham Council house in Kent.

Five Canadian soldiers playing the hurdy-gurdy in a Bayswater street, whilst its owner looked on at the laughing passers-by.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

GENERAL SMUTS is in England for a long stay and will attend War Cabinet meetings.

Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, triumphant commander in the Mediterranean, has succeeded Sir Dudley Pound as First Sea Lord.

Hundreds of Jews have fled to Sweden to escape Nazi persecution in Denmark.

The Red Cross has sent over 7000 footballs to our prisoners-of-war.

Over 1,340,000 people visited the Army Exhibition held in a bombed site near Oxford Circus.

Two YWCA hostels are to be built with funds amounting to £14,356, collected from 1,500,000 Americans.

Television is being used in New York to flash photographs of missing people to the district police stations.

SCHOOLS of Britain have adopted nearly 1200 merchant ships.

10,000 acres of onions have been gathered during a record onion harvest in Britain.

Youth News Reel

ACCORDING to Mr W. W. Wakefield, M.P., Director of the Air Training Corps, more than 70,000 A.T.C. cadets have joined the R.A.F. or the Royal Navy.

The Boys' Brigade is now 88,440 strong in this country, an increase of 8,370 on last year's figure.

The Scout Medal of Merit has been awarded to the 11th Shore-ditch Scouts for their regular work at St Leonard's Hospital, and for their gallant conduct during air raids.

Numbers of Assyrian Boys are joining Scout Troops run by Scouts stationed in Iraq and Persia with the Royal Air Force.

Highway of Hope

NEARLY 450 years ago John Cabot sailed from Bristol with his sons and discovered the mainland of America; and in the great merchant adventuring days that followed many stalwart sons of Bristol sailed in their wake with argosies of commerce. Between America and our historic gateway of the West, therefore, is a kinship of which all Americans and men of Bristol are rightly proud.

This bond of centuries has been further strengthened in this war, and the rubble that has gone from bombed Bristol as ships' ballast and is now enshrined in American soil is like a token of this strengthened bond. But it also has a wider significance, and many will see it as a symbol of undying Anglo-American friendship, and also as an expression of the hope that on the ruins of the old world there shall arise a new and better world.

Mr Leonard W. Brockington, returning home to Canada after many journeyings, gave noble utterance to this feeling in a recent BBC postscript. These were his words:

There is in the City of New York one of those magnificent highways built, as so many are built, by the vision and energy of our American allies. At one point in the road stands a great hospital dedicated to the care of sick children. Opposite the hospital is a playground with green lawns that run down to the wide river. And by the road where

American-born Japanese troops are fighting with the American Fifth Army near Naples.

Ten thousand Norwegians have escaped to British territory since the invasion of Norway.

Triplane, the powerful engine fuel, is now being commercially produced at about five shillings a gallon.

THE Canadian aircraft industry now employs over 100,000 workers.

After nearly a year on the Iceland rocks a bottomless cargo vessel has been towed 1000 miles to a British port.

Donald Turner, age 14, of Osterley, has been appointed organist at St George's Church, Old Brentford.

The farmers and villagers of Yorkshire have up to date contributed £199,648 to the Red Cross Agriculture Fund.

A scheme for giving educational help to coloured children whose fathers have perished at sea is now in operation at North Shields.

The Scout Bronze Cross has been awarded to Scout Ernest Berry, of New Zealand, who lost his life in an attempt to rescue another boy from drowning.

A Wolf Cub of Winnipeg has recently been presented with a badge showing that he has completed 700 hours of National Service!

SUFFICIENT rubber to make 300 dinghies has recently been collected by Scouts and Cubs of South-east Manchester.

American Scouts have collected 300,000,000 pounds of scrap metal in one year.

More Vets Needed

The Duke of Norfolk, when addressing the National Veterinary Association the other day, said that in his belief the smallness of the veterinary profession in our country explained the great prevalence of disease among our animals.

Dr W. R. Wooldridge stated that fewer than 3000 veterinary surgeons are active in Great Britain. There are today approximately 500,000 cattle in attested herds out of an estimated total of 3,000,000 cattle. There remain outside existing schemes of disease control, therefore, some 2,500,000 dairy cattle under no veterinary supervision. The Duke of Norfolk hopes the Government will introduce legislation to reduce the harm done by this unsatisfactory position. It is clear that both here and in the Empire the veterinary profession should be greatly increased.

Balloons to Wear

WHEN Dr I. L. Sutherland left New Zealand for the little island of Rimatara to study the Polynesian background of the Maoris, he took with him a number of gifts acceptable to the inhabitants.

Early in his stay on the island he was visited by a party of natives, and to amuse them he took from his haversack a child's balloon and blew it up. The effect was sensational, for it was the first time a toy balloon had been seen on the island.

Dr Sutherland tied it round the neck of a child, but the mother promptly took it off and tied it round her own neck. And then the doctor, very self-consciously, had to blow up coloured balloons for all the other women.

Other gifts greatly treasured were cakes of scented soap and bottles of perfume; but the balloons were by far the most popular.

SENSITIVE SEISMOGRAPH

One of the world's most sensitive earthquake-recording instruments is being installed in Mexico's National Astrophysical Observatory at Tonantzintla.

The apparatus will magnify ground movements a quarter of a million times, and will record the passing of trains eight miles away. Earthquakes on the opposite side of the globe are similarly recorded, the records taking the form of lines "drawn" on a ribbon of photographic paper.

A KING RESIGNS

One of Mussolini's grandiose gestures was to proclaim the Duke of Spoleto King of Croatia.

He has now resigned after two years of shadowy sovereignty, during which he has never visited his country, nor addressed his subjects, nor exercised any of his rights.

The Swiss newspaper, the *Basler National Zeitung*, says, "Fate favoured him by teaching him that to become a king is not difficult, but to be a king is very difficult, and to remain one is more so."

The new king never entered Zagreb, his capital, knowing that his reception would be "not merely warm, but violent."

Town Boys and Farming

Mr L. F. Easterbrook, the well-known agricultural expert, points out that whereas in the past the path has been made easy for a country boy to seek work in the towns, there have been few facilities for town boys belonging to poor families to obtain training in agriculture. Some steps are being taken to remedy this lack of facilities.

The Midland Agricultural College at Sutton Bonington has decided to set up a faculty of horticulture and agriculture in co-operation with Nottingham University. To take another case, Selby Technical Institute has decided to organise farm training for boys of 14 to 15, in anticipation of the raising of the school-leaving age. The boys who take the proposed farm course at Selby will run their own small-holding and visit and study farms in the district. It is said that there is no lack of students wanting agricultural training.

The evacuation of schoolboys from the towns into the country has doubtless had good effects.

Young People Doing Well on the Rations

OUR boys and girls seem to be doing very well on their rations. From a report of an official survey on the stature and weight of more than 3400 boys and girls attending the schools in England and Wales, Ulster and the rest of Ireland, it appears that these young people, of ages from 13 to 18, have put on weight and inches during the war, and have done so better in the United Kingdom than in Ireland, where rationing is less stringent.

The results are best seen in a survey of the reports which have been sent to us by Dr R. E. G.

Armatoe, whose list of schools in England comprises Rugby, Repton, King's College (Taunton), Malvern, Chelsea Polytechnic, and schools primary and secondary in Liverpool, Felixstowe, and Exeter; in Wales from Denbigh, Llandaff, and Cardiff; in Northern Ireland from Londonderry, Enniskillen, Belfast, and Coleraine. In Southern Ireland, where the results show a difference, schools were examined at Rathfarnham near Dublin, Sligo, and County Kildare.

In general, children of the age group 15 in England are the same

height but weigh more than the corresponding group in neutral Eire. The 16's are taller in Eire but weigh less. Northern Ireland boys in all age groups but one weigh more than the Southern Irish lads, and most are taller. On the other hand the Southern Irish girls, it has to be admitted, weigh more after the age of 14. In every example but this all the United Kingdom's boys and girls have exceeded the normal height and weight for their ages. There is some good in rationing after all.

Thank you, Lord Woolton!



Once Upon a Time—a Story for the Tinies in a Kent Nursery School

KIND GUNNERS

A Yorkshire AA Battery has adopted an orphanage, and the men are now busily engaged in making toys for the children.

When Christmas comes the gunners intend to present 60 toys, including model aeroplanes, ships, railway engines, and tanks, to the boys of the Hull Seaman's and General Orphanage, whose ages range from four to 14.

PROTECTING THE POTATO

Science is increasingly helping cultivation. Dr H. Hunter, chief of the Plant Breeding Station and wartime director of the Institute of Agricultural Botany, has assisted the world by producing a new variety of potato which resists both forms of blight from which the crop suffers.

The new potato has been exhibited to the representatives of 15 Allied Governments. The work of producing it has been done at the Cambridge School of Agriculture.

POPULATION AND HOUSING

The Revd Arthur Shillito, of Norwich, points out that it is idle to deplore our decreasing population while we fail to make adequate provision for housing families. In his parish, he says, he has married 58 couples since the war began and 33 of these couples still have no home of their own.

When cottages become vacant they are often bought by elderly people who have suffered in bombed areas, and who have more money than young people. Council houses, too, are sometimes tenanted by those who have grown old in them and do not use all the rooms. Cottages at £1000 will not meet the need; they are slow in coming and the rents will be too high. In his district, Mr Shillito says, our forefathers built houses of clay lump and thatch. Surely a modern equivalent could now be built for £500 or so.

A GOOD CATCH

While fishing from his small boat at Blackpool, Skipper E. Salthouse, of Fleetwood, found among his catch a wallet containing £100 in notes. He handed it to the Customs authorities, and according to the law affecting salvage at sea the Crown claims 75 per cent and the finder gets 25 per cent.

THE PATRIOTIC DUCK

Our New Zealand postbag has brought us news of a Wellington duck which has caused a sensation in the web-footed fraternity by laying eggs of popular and patriotic hue. Apparently the shell is khaki-coloured and has a central band of the olive-green tint worn by United States Marines.

In due course we expect to hear that the ducklings have hatched out and bear fluffy little Union Jacks on their chests. Meanwhile we trust that the news has been told to the marines.

TROTting BULLOCKS

MODERN warfare, with all its mechanical marvels, cannot dispense with animal transport. Despite the refinements of engineering skill that invention and industry have placed at its disposal, the Fifth Army in Italy, fighting in the mountains, has had to fall back, for the movement of food and supplies, on the unfailing mule, so patient, so enduring, and so sure of foot.

In this respect we seem back with the Duke of Wellington and his transport problems. Animals were among his first considerations in planning a campaign. Bullocks were his prime movers in the Mahratta war. He knew, he said, that if he had bullocks and rice he could beat his enemy. Bullocks were the thing, for in a war demanding speed, great was his joy at finding that Mysore bullocks "trot six miles an hour." The Empire owed much in those days to that trotting.

STRIKING NEW FASHION

Strikes are not the monopoly of the white man, and some Chinese mine-workers in Australia recently went on strike because of Income Tax deductions. But their strike was highly original, for they went on working but refused to take their wages! We should like to learn now that the authorities have retaliated by insisting on the men taking their wages but not working, and then the topsy-turvy tale will be complete.

THE INTRUDERS

While a group of British infantrymen were resting, and cooking a meal in the streets of ruined Foggia, two cars containing German engineers who were unaware of the British occupation came roaring into the town. No one paid any attention, though one of the Tommies said "They look just like Germans." Just after the cars had disappeared round the corner they heard a shot. "They are Germans!" shouted the infantrymen, hurriedly leaving their meal to pursue the cars. It was not long before both cars had crashed, and the incident forgotten, so many were the tasks demanded for the advance beyond this important town.

PUBLIC HOUSES NOT FOR DRINK ONLY

The Licensing Magistrates of Cheltenham have pointed out to licensees that public houses do not exist solely to supply intoxicating liquor, and they demand that licensees should keep their houses open from 12.30 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. and from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. Taking advantage of the fact that the demand for drink much exceeds supply, some licence-holders have disposed of their weekly allocations quickly and then closed their premises, sometimes for three or four days a week.

It is pointed out that a licence-holder who regards his duty as nothing more than the selling of intoxicating liquor takes too narrow a view of his place in society. One of the most important functions of a public house is to provide opportunity for social intercourse; and even if supplies of intoxicating drinks are sold out there is no reason why other amenities should not be continued. They might try to offer tea and coffee, for example!

Memorial to the Few Who Saved the Many

TUCKED away in a beautiful Highland glen in Tarland, Aberdeenshire, a lovely old mansion has been dedicated as a permanent memorial to the Battle of Britain Few. Alastair House has been given by Lady MacRobert, mother of Sir Alasdair, Sir Roderic, and Sir Iain, all airmen who have laid down their lives, as a home where RAF officers and their wives can come for peace and rest far from the trials of war-

time. Last month, as befitted the nation-wide commemoration of the Battle, a memorial was unveiled at Alastair.

This is a triangular tablet over the entrance to the house with a beautifully carved memorial inscription. It also frames the MacRobert crest and the motto *Glory is the Recompense of Valour*, and under this an inscription giving the names of the lost sons and their dates. Lowest of all on this unique and inspir-

ing memorial which embraces all RAF pilots as well as her own sons, there have been carved the words: *RAF Comrades of all the Brave, the Faithful, and the True, and in Glorious Memory of The Few.*

The memorial is in Peterhead granite from famous local quarries, and will be seen by the hundreds of Dominion and Allied airmen who from time to time make this their Scottish haven of refuge.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

False Prophets

A GERMAN-radio announcer the other day stated: "It will not be possible to issue a definite textbook on history for German schools until the war is over."

We hardly expected such an admission to come out of Germany. It is obvious that something has gone wrong with the Nazi plan, for Hitler had laid down in Mein Kampf the course events were to take.

Apparently Adolf Hitler is no better at these things than his favourite astrologer!

LIGHT MEALS

To help in the feeding of Europe's starving peoples the U.S. Department of Agriculture has devised a small carton of dehydrated food; it contains three tasty meals, but weighs only one pound. After the war a condensed food supply such as this will be a great boon to hikers. It will also be a great relief, for, judging from the burdens many of them stagger under, fear of hunger often causes them to strip the home larder completely.

For our part, though we welcome the handy food container and love a picnic, we shall continue to rely chiefly on a small, round half-crown producing a big square meal when it is really needed.

As Bright As Day

WHEN the Blackout goes it will go unmourned, and in its place will be a brilliance such as we have never known, for we are promised that, after the war, our dark winter nights will be lightened with artificial illumination almost as powerful as daylight.

Sir Charles Bressey says that the time may come when public lighting will be distributed and diffused in the same way as electrical power, when lighting impulses may be sent out from a station like wireless telegraphy.

Truly, there is a bright prospect for us all!

THE KITCHEN A JOY TO BEHOLD

It is pleasant to hear the Ministry of Works, through its Parliamentary Secretary, Mr George Hicks, almost promising that the new houses for the people are to be fitted with kitchens "which will be a joy to behold." In the C.N. we have again and again pointed out how desperately unfair it is for the housewife to conduct her all-important work without proper machinery.

The working part of a house, which in particular includes its kitchen, its sinks, its bathroom, its water heater and its cooking apparatus, are often so inadequate that they make work. It is for the Ministry of Works

and the Ministry of Health to encourage the manufacture of house-fittings which are not only a joy to behold but a joy to use. Mr Hicks says that experiments are going on in making prefabricated plumbing sets which can be rapidly assembled on a building site. There is no reason why the millions of new houses which the country needs in the first ten years of peace should not be both good to live in and good to work in. We cannot help feeling that the staffs of these Ministries should include women who understand what women need if they are to do their all-important job properly.

Children Need More Sleep

MR HARRY ALLISON, speaking to the National Federation of Class Teachers in London, has declared that many thousands of children are not getting enough sleep. We see them out of doors at late hours, on the streets, in the trams, in the cinemas. As we look at them in the morning the dull eye, the yawn, the slouched body tell a sad story of insufficient rest. He therefore urges that there should be a

curfew for school children, to give them the sleep they need.

Having brought the children indoors by a certain time, another curfew would then be needed for the wireless, which, in our opinion, is the cause of very many late hours.

However, a strong appeal to parents is probably the best course to take, for, whatever the law may say, it will remain for the parents to see it administered!

Nest-Eggs for Heroes

THE little village of Hollingbourne, near Maidstone, will welcome the return of its fighting men in an admirable way, for it is raising a little banking account for each of its heroes.

The idea began when a member of the Women's Institute organised a whist drive in aid of a prisoner-of-war. It was an outstanding success and similar functions have been arranged with equal success, and the longer the war lasts the bigger will grow the nest-eggs.

We commend the idea to other villages. The villagers enjoy their games, and also give practical expression of their gratitude to their absent men. What could be better?

JUST AN IDEA

As Francis Bacon said, "Discretion in speech is better than eloquence."

ONCE A GARDENER

By The Pilgrim

I LOOKED over a wall and nodded to the Private in khaki. His sleeves were rolled up, and he was on his knees. "You're busy," I said.

He paused in his weeding to look up. "Yes," he replied, "I'm trying to get this place shipshape."

"It looks attractive already," I assured him. "I see you've been cutting the grass and tying up the roses."

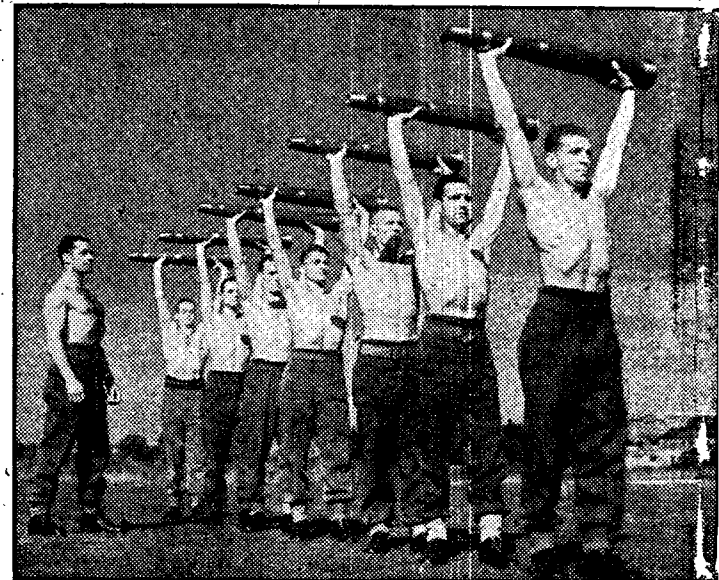
He stood up. "Yes," he admitted, "I've done a bit. You should have seen this spot when our company first moved in. I hope I'll get things to rights before long, it will improve the billet."

I was interested. "But," I asked, "do soldiers who move into billets usually bother with the gardens? In the gardens of most billets I've seen the weeds have been left to grow as they liked."

He smiled. "Well, that's often true," he agreed. "But, you see, I'm lucky. I was a gardener before I joined up. I love gardens. As it happens, so does our commanding officer, and wherever we've been moved in the last two years or so he has arranged for me to spend a bit of time in the gardens, doing what I can, you see, and enjoying it. I've just come away from the Quartermaster's stores after trying to redeem the wilderness there."

He laughed happily. "It's nice to think," he added, "that the Army has planted a few seeds and tidied up some herbaceous borders!"

I thought so too.



Keeping Fit

Anti-aircraft gunners giving a display of physical training with 56-pound shells

Quiet Builders of Village Life

A LITTLE news item tells us that a million and a half baskets are needed for getting in the potato harvest, and that many of these will be made by the Women's Institutes.

Wherever there is a job of special work to do in the countryside, in peace or in war, the chances are that the Women's Institutes will have a hand in it. For these small centres of country life, largely developed since the last war, can justly claim to have become one of the most significant influences in the life of our home community. And every day their influence is growing.

In peacetime the Women's Institutes meet, at their pretty village halls, they have tea, they talk, they sew, they make jam, and anything else needed to be made, they help each other and anyone else who needs help. In wartime they do just the same, and whatever else they are required to do, just in the same quiet, efficient, selfless way.

One of the greatest things they have done in this war was to cope with the difficult problem of evacuation of town families into the country. The measure of their difficulties, and of the way in which these were met, was shown in the book recently

published for them under the title of "Our Towns." Some critics said it was not a nice book, and indeed it had much to say about highly unpleasant facts. But they were facts, and they concerned the ignorance, dirt, and indiscipline of thousands of slum folk who poured into the villages in the first days of the war to be safe from air attack. The Women's Institutes know all about them, because they had to tackle the job of cleaning up, and education; and what they had to say about it was fine and helpful as well as critical.

If the Women's Institutes had done nothing else in this war they would have earned the nation's thanks for what they have done to make the mothers and children from the blitz-cities happy and comfortable. But they have done much besides, so many remarkable, wise, and brave things, "all in the day's work." The record of Kent alone, and of that corner of Kent which is nearest to the foe, would take columns of this paper to praise adequately.

When this war is over no body of women in all the land will have a nobler hand than the Women's Institutes in that revival of village life which is sure to come.

AESOP UP TO DATE

THE shade of old Aesop must have been roused the other day. Through the air went conflicting voices. There came the appalling story of the barbarities practised by the Nazi armies against guiltless Poland; and at the same time Ribbentrop, Hitler's foreign minister, was declaring Germany's part a solely defensive war.

The listener could but ask whether Poland had ever attacked Germany, whether in-offensive Holland had provoked the Nazi assault on her, whether Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Greece, and the other victims had made war upon the mightiest military Power in the world, as Germany then was. The answer rang through the memory in the words of the ancient maker of

fables, "The tyrant will always find a pretext for his tyranny."

That is the moral he draws from his story of the wolf and the lamb. "Sir, last year you grossly insulted me," said the wolf. "Indeed, I was not born then," replied the lamb. "You feed in my pasture and drink of my well," retorted the wolf, to which the lamb answered, "I have never yet tasted grass, and I never yet drank water, for as yet my mother's milk is both food and drink to me." Whereupon the wolf seized him and ate him up, saying, "Well, I won't remain supperless even though you refute every one of my imputations."

Does not that wolf live again in tyrannous Germany, with her specious excuses and her victims in that innocent lamb?

Under the Editor's Table

A MOTHER says she finds it difficult to get ideas for her children's parties. They would prefer cakes.

A LADY is looking for a post that will provide a good opening. Better try a gatepost.

EVERY nation has found the Nazis out. Because they are outsiders.

TRAFFIC problems will grow after the war. Jams will not be rationed.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If miners come up in coalfields.

A DOCTOR says it is unwise to sleep on a heavy meal. A bed is more comfortable.

ELASTIC is short. But it can be lengthened.

A SOLDIER in Cairo writes home that he has been picking dates. For writing home?

WOMEN are asked to work all out for victory. Even those with indoor jobs.

A Wise Man of the East

The C N has told before of that great leader of Indian thought, Meher Baba, and has also quoted from his vast store of wisdom. He has travelled round the world, but is comparatively little known in this country. We are therefore glad to give here a few words about Meher Baba and his work, written by a C N reader who knows him well.

NEAR Meher Baba's old hospital and dispensary outside Ahmednagar, Deccan, an Indian village was divided into two camps by an ancient feud, the origin of which was unknown even to the oldest inhabitant. In desperation they had been forced to ask Meher Baba to settle their dispute, and for hours he patiently listened to their woes, silently but surely making them all feel his love, until by a skilful plan suited to their mental outlook (for they were without education as understood in the West) they realised that they must all forgive each other and live in unity. A feast was accordingly arranged for all parties which would be the outward sign and seal of reconciliation; and this was celebrated amidst great rejoicing with native dancing and music in Baba's presence after they had sung sacred songs before him, in accordance with their custom.

The caste difficulty at his school, which was started for Untouchable boys, was aggravated when Brahmin boys were admitted, as their parents resented the presence of the lower castes. Meher Baba was once bathing the Untouchable boys, as was his custom, when some Brahmins, who are of the highest caste, bowing reverently, approached

him for his blessing (darshan). Continuing his work, Meher Baba said: "I am bathing Untouchable boys. It is no use coming to me for darshan unless you are prepared to do the work I do." Such was the force of his example and words that they joined him in bathing the boys, in spite of the bondage of age-old caste restrictions.

The effect of Meher Baba's love is no less marked in the West, where human differences are also difficult to overcome. A wealthy American lady in London, placing her car at his disposal, gladly drove him to a poor part of Bermondsey to help a sick man who was unable to come to him. In New York a typical newspaper reporter, wanting "copy," felt the happiness of just sitting beside him; even tiny babies feel his presence and stop crying when he enters the room.

When Meher Baba was a boy at school others looked up to him as their natural leader, bringing their problems and disputes to him to be settled. For over 20 years Meher Baba has been training followers in East and West to help in his worldwide work—in his mission of arousing through love "the sleeping soul to a realisation of its own divinity."

Thank-Offerings For the Red Cross

Many and various are the ways of raising money for the Red Cross, and we commend this useful effort by a Cornishman.

THERE is a village general stores-cum-post office "down West" which every day displays on the counter-end many interesting and varied articles; but none is for sale! Children and grown-ups come and look them over, often taking away something, but handing over no coupons. Actually, this is the place where lost things go!

Usually, when we find anything, we take it to the nearest police station, but there is no police station in this Cornish village by the sea, and so the general shop very kindly reserves counter space for receiving and placing on view things found on the beach. It resembles a little jumble stall! There is no end to the variety of articles which find

their way to this lost property office.

When a C N writer called the other afternoon he saw swim suits, bathing caps, spades, buckets, skipping-ropes, tam-o'-shanters, gloves, macintoshes, scarves, and shoes odd and in pairs—all waiting to be claimed and all silently proclaiming what a lot of forgetful heads there are in the world; and what a lot of honest folk too.

Of course, most people are very grateful at retrieving something they feared they had lost for ever. Replacing would mean expense, and, perhaps, precious clothing coupons as well. They feel they would like to give a little reward. Well, there is a Red Cross box just waiting to receive it. Thus the finder often does two good turns—one to the owner and the other to the Red Cross.

VOLUNTEERS FOR MALARIA

THE fight against malaria is claiming the attention of twenty-one members of the Friends Ambulance Unit and four members of the Friends War Relief Service, most of whom are doing ward or other service in London County Council Hospitals.

This group of young people, six of whom are girls, while continuing their ordinary work are also taking a daily pill, provided by Dr Kenneth Mellanby of the Research Institute, Sheffield.

After three weeks they are each to be bitten by mosquitoes infected with the malaria germ. Blood tests will then be taken periodically to see whether they become infected in their turn or not.

They are told, by the way, that though perhaps they may turn a little yellow under the treatment, it is unlikely that they will contract malaria, but if they do they are guaranteed a speedy cure. But it cannot be altogether pleasant, for all that!

CARRY ON

Thomas De Quincey on Shakespeare

A MIGHTY poet! thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of Nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident.

Awake, My Spirit

I F I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked at my sullen heart in vain;
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure
Take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.
Robert Louis Stevenson

OUR HEROES

THERE is nothing on the earth today so potent and enduring, so present everywhere, as the silent power of that great multitude of heroic souls who have passed to where, beyond these voices, there is peace. They move us day by day; they urge us on; they hold us to our faith; and so we think of them, not as lost or fallen, or as lives crushed out, but as heroes in a triumph now—in some way and in some place beyond our ken—receiving their reward.

Arthur Mee

Familiar Things Divine

CHRIST talked of grass, wind, and rain
And fig trees and fair weather,
And made it His delight to bring
Heaven and earth together.
He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural, yet so wise,
Were on men's hearts engraven:
And yeast, and bread, and flax,
and cloth,
And eggs and fish and candles;
See how the whole familiar world
He most divinely handles!

T. T. Lynch

PRAYER

LORD, increase our faith, that feeling towards Thee as children we may trust where we cannot see, and hope where all seems doubtful, ever looking unto Thee as our Father that ordereth all things well, and patiently doing the work Thou hast given us to do.

George Dawson

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by and by:

That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.

Ah, thought I, thou mournest in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,

Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;

King Pandiya, he is dead, [lead:
All thy friends are lapped in
All thy fellow-birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing:
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Richard Barnfield

How To Live Long and Be Happy

"LEISURE and I," said Wesley, "have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me." This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate reduced by age to be "a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding."

He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds,

he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head.

But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows, no griefs. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.

From Southey's Life of Wesley

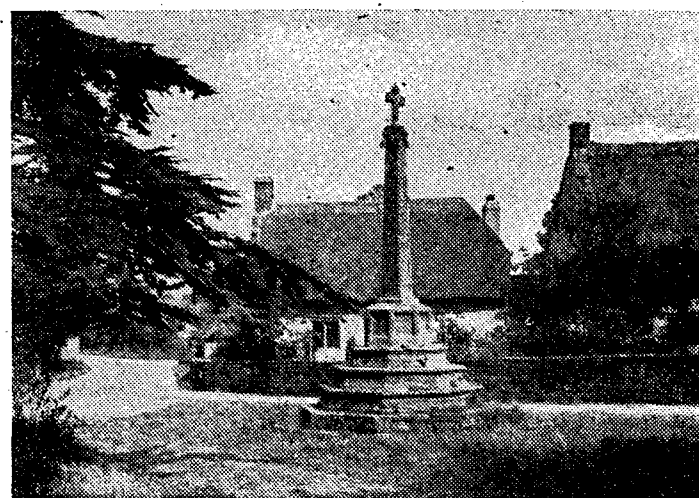
THE UNENDING WORLD

AN endless glory fills the new born day;
The world and I go singing on our way:
He is the friend who shapes my destiny,
We march together through eternity.

The friend who sends the blessings of the earth—
Its sunshine, beauty, friendship, love, and mirth:
The friend who floods each day with warmth and light,
And blesses us with peace and sleep at night.

With such a friend the sorrows of today
Become the empty dreams of yesterday:
He takes His little children by the hand,
And gently teaches them to understand.

He sings a song no mortal lips have sung;
He grows not old, but stays for ever young—
The great eternal friend who gives us breath,
And always takes us back again at death.
E. Oxburgh



THIS ENGLAND

The Village Cross of Muchelney, near Langport in Somerset

Corsican Patriot and Corsican Ogre

ONCE again Corsica comes into our national story. Twice it has been British, and twice we have ejected the French, whom we have now helped to regain possession of the island.

In the south aisle of the choir of Westminster Abbey there is a portrait bust of the great Corsican patriot, Pasquale de Paoli, with whom is associated one of the most astonishing stories in history. Among the closest friends of Paoli in Corsica was Charles Bonaparte (father of Napoleon), who shared his efforts to free the island, first from the Genoese, and next from the French, to whom it was sold by Genoa.

Paoli was defeated and driven to England, where he lived in honour and comfort for the next 20 years, the friend of Dr Johnson and the rest of literary England. Instead of joining the 340 Corsican patriots who accompanied Paoli to England, Bonaparte remained and made a profitable compromise with the French. Soon afterwards he became the father of Napoleon.

Napoleon grew up a fanatical Corsican patriot and a worshipper for many years of Paoli. To his father's dying day he never forgave Charles for not having joined Paoli in his flight to England, in which case Napoleon would have been born under the British flag and would in all probability have joined not the French army, but the British! In that case there would have been no battle of the Nile, no Trafalgar, and no Waterloo, and the map of the world would be very different today.

Returning to Corsica in 1797, Paoli had but a brief, troubled sojourn there, and was back

again two years later in London, where he died in 1807. In England he lay for the next 80 years, when those who still revered his memory transported his remains back to his beloved Corsica.

Napoleon, ultimately the bitter enemy of Paoli, outlived him 14 years, to die, like Paoli, under our flag, but, unlike the honoured Corsican patriot, a prisoner. He rested for 19 years in his St Helena tomb, and was then borne back in triumph to Paris. To our ancestors Napoleon was "the Corsican Ogre"; the portrait bust in the Abbey shows what they thought of Paoli, the Corsican patriot.

Paoli was a distinguished scholar, whereas Corsican-born Napoleon, for all his military genius, to the end of his days could never write Italian correctly, much less French.

A Willing Heart Goes All the Way

James Harper of Liverpool is a grand old gentleman of 83 years, but he is still pulling his weight at the great docks where he has worked since he was a boy of 17. The Minister of Labour saw him at work there not long ago, lifting hundredweight bags of sugar with the greatest ease.

No wonder that after seeing him at work, Mr Bevin said he did not think he had been unduly hard in calling up fresh hands for the war effort. James Harper will do a day's work with anyone.

RUGGER CARRIES ON

By a Lover of the Game

ONCE more the Rugby ball goes bounding off on its erratic way. Another wartime winter is upon us, and the followers of the handling code are cheerfully preparing to enjoy their game, come what may.

Four years ago all the elaborate organisation on which Rugger was based melted away, but in the last two seasons there has been a remarkable revival of the game. The difficulties of arranging matches in these days are sufficient to daunt all but the most determined optimists. But it is being done somehow, with a glorious uncertainty which only adds to the fun. Fixtures are arranged in the optimistic hope that there will be enough players on leave by next Saturday to make up a team. In any case, the opponents may be a Service side which is moved to the other end of the country on Friday! Even if the match is played, a famous old club may be soundly beaten by a scratch side from the local attack battery. But who cares about the result if it is a good game?

Many Difficulties

Grounds are scarce, allotments creep nearer to the touch-lines, the grass is long and there is nobody to mow it, nobody to mark out the pitch. The ball is several seasons old and may need pumping up at half-time. New jerseys and shorts are out of the question, and worn-out boots are tied up with string to keep the soles on. There is no hot water for baths, transport is restricted and expensive, funds are short, and only the tireless people who arrange the games know all the other problems they overcome.

The most remarkable thing that has happened in the game is that the Rugby Union's strict and uncompromising code of amateurism has been relaxed for the duration, and we may now see Union amateurs and Rugby League professionals playing side by side in the same teams—a happy bridging of past differences which only the war could have brought about.

The war, too, has given us the very welcome company of many attractive players from the Dominions and other parts of the world; not the least of them, of course, the men of the New Zealand Air Force, who inevitably bring with them something of the traditions and enthusiasm and skill of their great predecessors, the All Blacks.

A Game For the Player

The schools are also playing their part in keeping the flag flying—giving a game to Old Boys on leave, filling gaps in neighbouring sides, coaching beginners among the local troops, and generally spreading the doctrine of their fine old game.

It has often been said that Rugby is for the player rather than the spectator, and this is particularly true in wartime, when everything is so haphazard. Even the most earnest onlooker is somewhat bemused by watching a game in which there may be thirty differently coloured jerseys; but the important thing is that 30 players are enjoying it all.

Long may it flourish. Let us have our game of Rugger and beat the Nazis too!

Pathways of the Planets JUPITER, MARS, AND URANUS

AN interesting spectacle may be witnessed in the eastern sky early on Saturday morning, October 23, when Jupiter will appear very close to the crescent Moon, writes the C N Astronomer. Between 6 and 7 o'clock, before the sky becomes too light, Jupiter will be seen a little way to the left of and below the Moon, with the brilliant Venus much farther to the left.

Later on, by about 8 o'clock, Jupiter will be just below the southern cusp of the Lunar crescent and less than half the apparent width of the Moon away; but, the Sun having by then risen, a telescope or good glasses will probably be needed to see Jupiter. Although the Moon appears so much larger than Jupiter, actually he is about 65,000 times larger in volume than the Moon and, if he were as near to us as the Moon, Jupiter would appear about 44 times the width of her.

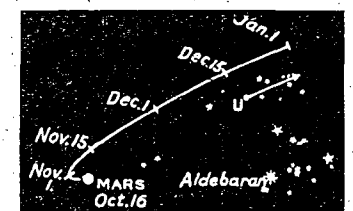
Mars is now becoming more in evidence above the eastern horizon in the late evening, and after about 9 o'clock this rosy planet may be seen far outshining all the stars. Reaching a higher altitude toward the south-east as the night advances Mars may thus be seen to greater advantage. Next Sunday evening, October 17, he will appear a little way to the left of the gibbous Moon; but then, owing to the moonlight, Mars will appear much dimmed. His brilliance will, however, continue to increase afterwards as he comes nearer to us; at present Mars is some 60 million miles away and about twice as far as Venus.

Mars Turns About

Actually it is the more rapid progress of the Earth which is overtaking Mars that brings us nearer to him. This will soon have the effect of making Mars appear to travel backward in the sky. Astronomers call this *retrograding*. So toward the end of this month Mars may be seen to turn as indicated in the star-map, and will continue to follow the retrograde path until early in January next. This will gradually bring Mars apparently closer to Uranus, to whose position Mars will thus provide a splendid guide. This is a fortunate circumstance as, owing to

his very great distance, Uranus is only just perceptible to the unaided eye on a clear, dark night. However, Uranus may be easily seen with the aid of glasses if the precise position is known, and it can thus be seen how useful Mars will be, particularly when both planets appear in the same field of view of the glasses. Uranus will then be further considered in detail.

The present position of Uranus relative to Mars is shown on the



star-map, the arrow indicating the extent that Uranus will appear to travel during the next three months. The much longer path of Mars may also be noted, and it will be seen that during the latter half of December Mars will pass above Uranus.

There is quite a fascination in getting a peep at Uranus when we remember that it is the most distant world we can see with the naked eye, and that it is at present 1760 million miles away. Therefore Uranus is almost thirty times farther off than Mars and, were it not that Uranus has a diameter seven and a half times greater, he would not be visible to the naked eye. This remote world will be at his nearest to us in six weeks' time, when he will be better placed for observation and, together with Mars, at a higher altitude. Uranus will then reach 5½ magnitude and will be almost as bright as the stars shown on each side of the arrow indicating his path.

G. F. M.

BEDTIME CORNER

Next Door

NINA found it very lonely all by herself, and when she heard that new people had come next door, she was all impatience to find out if there were any children.

With her little body pressed close against the fence that divided the two gardens, she listened.

At first there wasn't a sound. Then she heard something being wheeled along. A perambulator!

Nina stooped down and peeped through a break in the fence. But it wasn't big enough.

She ran into the house and fetched a chair. Then she climbed up and looked over.

What she saw nearly made her cry with vexation. The thing on wheels was a bathchair! In it sat an old gentleman.

As Nina said "Oh!" in a very disappointed voice he looked up.

"Having a peep at your new neighbours, are you?" he said, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

It was the twinkle that gave Nina courage to say, "I wondered if there were any children to play with."

The old gentleman chuckled. "And you only found me," he said. "I'm afraid I'm not much good as a playmate. But I know some youngsters who will be," and, raising his voice, he cried, "Ethel! Teddie!"

Across the lawn came two children, just about Nina's age. And, with them, barking loudly, was the jolliest little terrier Nina had ever seen.

She clapped her hands. It



was going to be perfectly splendid, after all.

"I'll be back directly," she cried, jumping down. "I'm just going to ask if you can all come to tea."

The Children's Newspaper, October 16, 1943

The Forward March of China's Distant Province

IN every sense of the phrase China is stirred to her very depths in her war effort; for even from Sinkiang, shut off from the rest of her by lofty mountains, comes a contribution of value.

Sinkiang lies in the very centre of Asia and has an area well over half a million square miles with an estimated population of four millions. Her people are of very mixed race with nomad Kirghis on her highlands and Chents and Dungans in the two wide deep basins of Chinese Turkestan and Zungaria.

It was in the Taklamakan desert that Sir Aurel Stein and Sir George Macartney discovered those treasures of a civilisation which in the days of our King Alfred linked the east with the west. Civilisation with planes instead of pack animals as connecting links to east and west, north and south, is today making rapid progress in this remote country.

This province has long been ruled by the Chinese, and in recent years has, like its Soviet neighbours behind its mountains, experienced surprising changes. This year, indeed, marks the close of a second three-year term of civil progress which is rapidly making Sinkiang an important unit of modern China.

The country has been divided up into hsien (Agencies like those under Commissioners in North-west India) and administrative areas which together now total 79. These facilitate the collection of taxes and assist the people in making contact with the Government.

Young people have been trained to head the villages, towns, and different sections of the hsien governments, and in order to further democratic government committees have been established to study, supervise, and help to formulate administrative policies.

Health and Food

Formerly, Sinkiang had few modern health facilities. Since 1939 the hospitals, clinics, and health centres maintained by the provincial government have treated 3,700,000 patients.

Only a few years ago the traditional antiquated farming methods were still followed: today the province has 205,000 modern farm implements, including many tractors.

The production of cotton may be cited as an example of progress. Formerly, an acre yielded less than 800 pounds of cotton: today the same acre produces 2400 pounds of better cotton. The production of wheat from each acre has also increased from 1400 to 2400 pounds. In the last ten years Sinkiang's cultivable land has been increased by 35

per cent. The increase of arable land in 1942 alone was 67,023 acres. Some seven million mulberry trees are being rejuvenated each year.

Veterinary science has been introduced and the number of domestic animals is now more than seven times the number ten years ago. Sinkiang today has about 100 veterinary centres and 500,000 cases a year are treated.

New Industries

Industrialisation has had only a brief history in the province. The coal output has increased tenfold, and much electric power is available. Modern printing plants, flour mills, tanneries, pottery works, oil-cracking plants, and machine shops are abundant.

Only recently travellers from Southern to Northern Sinkiang had to depend entirely on horses and camels. Such a trip usually took half a year to complete: today, a trunk highway over 2000 miles has been completed. Some of the 1942 achievements include the completion of 500 miles of country roads, 4 big bridges, 476 small bridges, and numerous dikes, dams, and viaducts.

Today educational development and racial equality have found a new meaning. The natives of Sinkiang had practically no political or public service opportunities, but since the introduction of a democratic administration by Governor Sheng-Shih-tsai a few years ago, government employment has been open to everyone regardless of religious, cultural, or racial backgrounds. Today, more and more people are entering school to equip themselves for public service, and at the end of 1942 Sinkiang had 3000 schools with 300,000 students. Tihwa, the capital, has become an educational centre.

The 1943 mass education programme calls for a total of 250 citizens' anti-illiteracy schools, with 400 classes. The expected enrolment is 15,000. Attention is also given to social education such as teaching plays, songs, and folk-dances. High-school buildings and equipment have been increased, and a university is to be established.

WHAT WILL HOUSES COST?

WHAT are houses likely to cost after the war? Mr F. L. Wallis, President of the National Federation of Building Trades Employers, has stated that the Federation was turning its attention to post-war improvements in building. If rehousing of the people was to be started without delay, the Government would have to help the industry by releasing builders' men quickly.

It was estimated that in the first ten years of peace 4,000,000 houses must be built. That means that the building industry will need to average more than

the highest production between the two wars.

The only material which might be in short supply for a while was timber, but that would be only a temporary shortage. The internal fittings of houses might be standardised to speed production and lower costs.

The Ministry of Works had said that building costs were up 105 per cent. Mr Wallis was convinced that a house which cost £750 in 1939 could be built today for only 60 per cent more, and he was hopeful that it could be reduced to 25 per cent.

A VERY QUEER TWIST OF THE WAR

IT must have puzzled many people when they heard that the men of seven US planes which came down in Kamchatka had been interned. Kamchatka is part of the USSR, and why should the Russians intern airmen of their great American ally?

Had the Americans alighted in Russia after a raid over Germany from a British base they would not have been interned. But these fliers, who came down owing to engine trouble, had come from the other direction. The Russians assumed that they were part of the North Pacific forces operating against Japan.

Now Russia is not at war with Japan. So, although Russia is our ally for all other purposes, it would have been a breach of neutrality not to intern, when they landed on her soil, airmen of a Power operating against another Power with whom Stalin is still at peace. This may seem to be a quaint situation, but it is undoubtedly good international law, and Stalin is too busy with his destruction of the Germans to wish to raise any sharp issue with Tojo. The internment of the Americans in a friendly country should turn out to be a very pleasant spell of imprisonment.

ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR THE DUCE

Mentone, now to be reincorporated into France by the Fuehrer's command, was actually the only part of France "conquered" by Italian arms in this war.

French forces, in fact, administered a sound drubbing to the Italians, even at the very moment when France was reeling under the Nazi onslaught; but the Italians did take Mentone, or Menton, as the French call it. "Menton" means chin in French, and the Italian for chin is "mento." With the return to Laval of the one scrap of France which Fascist Italy did manage to conquer, the defeated Duce has certainly taken it once again "on the chin."

A Sight For a Soldier

Few of our soldiers can have enjoyed their first 36 hours' leave more than did a Gloucestershire man recently.

When he was a boy, someone gave him a plant of the Yucca Gloriosa Superba, that magnificent native of Virginia, which is not as reluctant to grow in this country as some people think. Nevertheless, this particular plant had never bloomed in 34 years, but remained without flower in the charming garden of Stone School, near Falfield, where the soldier's father is the caretaker.

Then the father wrote to his son that this year his precious Yucca was certain to flower. With a stem which grows between two and three feet high, above a rampart of green spikes, the Yucca Gloriosa, when it does flower, is a grand sight. The flowers are white with a purple stripe, and the whole effect is truly, as the name of the plant indicates, superb. The soldier pleaded for leave, hurried home, and feasted his eyes on his beloved gift in all its glory.

CANNIBAL OR CHRISTIAN?

Shipwrecked Crew's Dramatic Encounter

ONE of the most dramatic episodes of the war in the Pacific has been related by the Revd G. H. Eastman, of the London Missionary Society. It happened to a boat's crew of an American freighter which was torpedoed near Hawaii.

The boat ran over 3000 miles and had been at sea 31 days, and it was feared that she must have passed the Gilbert Islands. There seemed little chance of survival, as the biscuits were nearly finished, there were only two or three tins of milk left, and the men were becoming exhausted. One of the greasers, a coal-black American Negro, had kept up his spirits better than most of the others. He said he was sure God would bring them to land safely.

The Man With the Knife

On the thirty-first day this Negro was looking out hopefully, when he saw what seemed to him to be land on the far horizon. When this was found to be true the hopes of the men were raised, and by afternoon they were nearing what later proved to be Nikunau Island, the most easterly of the Gilberts which they feared they had passed. There was a heavy surf breaking on the reef, and the boat was caught in the breakers and turned over. Most of the men were thrown free, but a few were trapped under the boat.

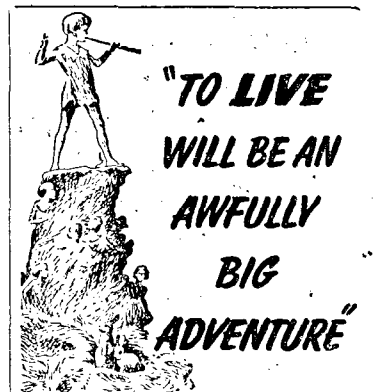
Then the survivors saw a native coming down the beach towards them. He was a big fellow, naked save for a short leaf skirt round his loins, and he was carrying in his hand a huge knife, a bush knife with an 18-inch blade. What was he? *Cannibal or Christian?*

The big native came wading and swimming out to the edge of the reef where the men were struggling to get a foothold among the breakers. What was their joy to find he was not coming to attack but to help them, and was carrying his knife in case it was needed to release the men trapped under the boat. Soon other natives appeared, and, called by their comrade, they came and helped to carry the weak survivors ashore.

The whole island population set themselves to provide as liberally as possible for the strangers whom war had cast upon their shores. Men went fishing every day for them; others collected all the fowls on the island for them; others again

brought them such native fruit or coarse roots as the island could provide. In fact, as one of the shipwrecked men afterwards said, they could not have been better treated had they been royal guests or long lost relatives.

After some weeks, as the danger from the Japanese was growing and we could not be provided with food (said the Revd G. H. Eastman), arrangements were made to take all of us away from the Gilbert Islands to Fiji. On the way down the boat's survivors told me what a deep impression had been made upon them by the kindness of the Christian natives. Said one of them, "Nikunau is the most Christian land I have ever seen. We should not have been treated as well in any other country I know, and I have been all over the world."



One day the war will end. One day a new world will surely reawaken around wide-eyed children unused to the ways of peace. The carefree spirit of Peter Pan will capture the hearts of a young generation on the threshold of fresh, simple delights. Then, slightly to misquote Barrie—"To live will be an awfully big adventure."

Wise parents are keeping their children fit and healthy now with 'Milk of Magnesia', so that they will enjoy to the full the zest of youth in the happier years ahead.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Prize-Giving Ceremony for Winners
ANGLO-SOVIET YOUTH
ESSAY COMPETITION
Garrick Theatre, London.
Sunday, October 24, 2.30
Lady J. Simon. S. P. B. Mais
Prizes from Moscow Choir & Orchestra. Pearl Binder reading Soviet and British Essays.—Apply tickets (1/6 and 7/6) ASYFA, 104, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Temperance Crusader

The life story of Mr Guy Hayler, the Grand Old Man of Britain's temperance movement, who has just passed on at the age of 92, was like a page from Dick Whittington, and quite as absorbing.

Guy Hayler began work early as an errand boy in a London business house, and thus laid the foundation of his wonderful knowledge of the old Victorian city and its Dickensian byways.

From this humble beginning he rose to a position of honour and influence in the business and religious life of the nation, and his name became known as a temperance worker in more than forty countries.

The BRAN TUB

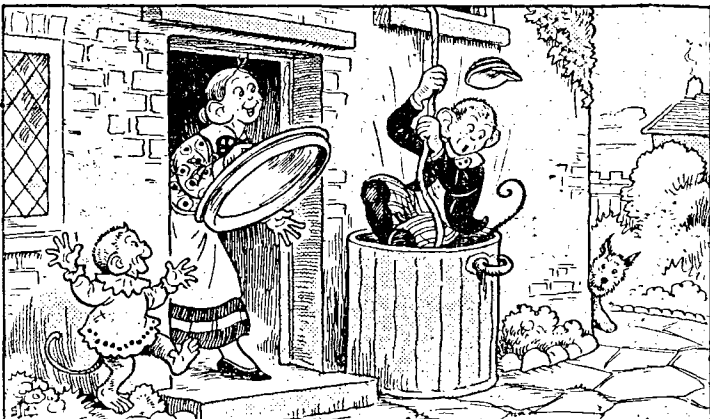
HOMELIKE?

"So this is for, me!" he grumbled on being shown to his room in the hotel. "Rather like a prison, don't you think?" "Well, it is just a matter of what one is used to, sir," replied the manager.

Venturesome Schoolgirl

A VENTURESOME schoolgirl of Gloster Was chased by a wild bull, which tossed her; She went up so high Through the clouds in the sky That her friends down in Gloster Have lost her.

A Surprise For Jacko



ONE of Jacko's escapades had landed him in trouble and he had been locked in his bedroom and put on a diet of bread and water. "It's lucky that I should have this rope here," he murmured as he proceeded to tie one end to the bed and allowed the other end to fall out of the window. But it was not quite so lucky for Jacko that Mother heard the rope hit the dustbin. So, as Jacko's feet appeared out of the bedroom window, Mother removed the lid from the bin and, instead of making an easy escape, Jacko fell right into it!

THE JAY

JAYS are in some ways the most striking birds we have in this country. They are only rarely seen, as they keep to woods and their nests are hidden in thick bushes and trees.

This bird's method of flight is peculiar, being slow and heavy, a fact which makes it easy to recognise, and it always seems to hop along the ground.

It is a noisy creature, except at nesting time, when it becomes very quiet.

Animal Riddles

WHAT two animals always go about with you? *Two calves.*

If a man met a pig crying, what animal's name would he mention? *Pork, you pine!*

What wild animals may safely be shut up in the same enclosure? *Sixteen ounces in one pound.*

Why should turtles be pitied? *Because theirs is a hard case.*

Peter Puck Sees a Waterfall

WHEN someone showed a waterfall To Peter Puck, that nimble elf Remark: "I do sincerely hope The water hasn't hurt itself."

SALT CRYSTALS

DISSOLVE common salt in water, and pour some of the solution into a saucer. Heat it gently till the water evaporates, and then examine what remains through a magnifying glass. You will find small crystals which are cubes in shape, some of which can be seen quite plainly with the naked eye.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, October 13, to Tuesday, October 19.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Submarine Alone, a serial by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones, told by Ivan Samson—Episode 2, The Enemy Supply Dump; followed by Alan Paul at the Piano. 5.50 Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No 9, Men and Nun.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Here's a Pretty Kettle of Fish, song and story feature; followed by Then and Now, by Colonel Walter Elliot.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Mystery at Witchend, a serial play by Barbara Sleight, from Malcolm Saville's book—Part 2, The Lone Pine Club.

What Is Chalk?

TO the child seeing a piece of chalk in his teacher's hand, this is merely a substance for making white lines on a blackboard. But that bit of chalk, although specially prepared in a factory, is an ancient cemetery in which lie buried creatures that lived and played their part in the system of things millenniums ago!

In the yet warm seas of the slowly cooling planet floated myriads of infusoria, with power to secrete from the sea a sheltering film of lime. As these tiny myriads died, the facing of lime they wore sank to the bottom. In process of time this became a white slime; some convulsion lifted up the sea bed, and the white slime became a chalk cliff.

And the bit of chalk in the teacher's fingers represents the whole process. What ages, what revolutions, that little bit of white earth hides in its atoms! It is a perished eternity which the teacher holds in his fingers.

Proverbs About Cunning

CRAFT, counting all things, brings nothing home.

Cunning is the fool's substitute for wisdom.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.

The greatest cunning is to have none.

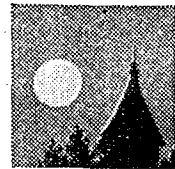
Too much cunning undoes.

AN AQUARIUM HINT

THE water in aquariums often becomes dense and cloudy. This trouble is usually due to the presence of myriads of tiny plants known as *algae*. The cloudy effect is a sign that the aquarium is in too light a position. If the whole thing is removed to a dark corner of the room the water soon clears.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Mars and Saturn are in the south-east. In the morning Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 pm on Wednesday, October 13.



Jumbled Aeroplanes

If the letters of each of the following words and phrases are properly rearranged, they will spell the names of six well-known types of aeroplane:

DRY LANES UNSHOD
HOP TONY MAN TUGS
TELL ON WING FIRST PIE

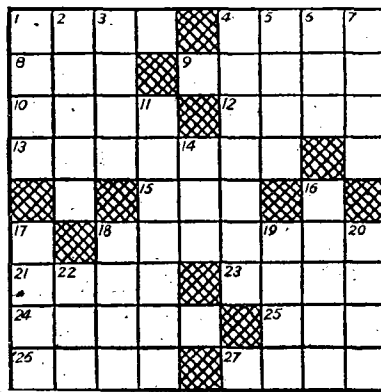
Answer next week.

The Children's Newspaper, October 16, 1943

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Bird of Peace. 4 Apparatus. 8 This will soon cover Russia's rivers. 9 Covers many houses. 10 Male deer. 12 Gaelic. 13 Spiral. 15 To proceed hurriedly. 18 Furnished with a wall covering. 21 Fifty per cent. 23 A local tax. 24 Towards a ship's hinder part. 25 Bird enemy of New Zealand's sheep. 26 A dell or valley. 27 Threefold.

Reading Down. 1 Shallow cooking vessel. 2 Eight-part musical composition. 3 The flesh of a calf. 4 One who gathers corn left by harvesters. 5 A peer. 6 Famous girls' Army corps (abbrev.). 7 To whirl. 11 Long-necked quadruped. 14 Drinking utensil. 16 A measuring instrument. 17 Fish of the herring family. 18 Design. 19 Toothed gardening tool. 20 A church dignitary. 22 Familiar name of Lincoln.



Answer next week

A Colour Puzzle

CAN you put the correct colours in the following blank spaces? The Woman in —, The — Peril, — Beauty, The — Lagoon, The Little Jug, The — Letter, — Potage, — Peas, The — Emperor.

Answer next week

ODD AND EVEN

ASK a friend to hold an even number of coins in one hand and an odd number in the other. Tell him to multiply mentally the number in the right hand by seven and the number in the left by six; then to add the two answers, and tell you the result.

If the result is an odd number, the odd number is in his right hand, and if the result is even, the even number is in his right hand.

RUN DOWN

TEACHER: What are the silent watches of the night? BRIGHT BOY: Those their owners forget to wind.



IT is so much easier to be successful in games and in schoolwork if you are healthy, strong and vigorous. To ensure such fitness you will find it a great help to drink 'Ovaltine' every day.

This delicious food beverage is prepared from Nature's finest foods and provides the nourishment required to build up body, brain and nerves and to create abundant energy.

The special properties of 'Ovaltine' are recognised by leading trainers who make it a regular item of the training diet for players and athletes in their charge. 'Ovaltine' has also played an important part in many outstanding feats of endurance.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE
for Health, Strength & Vitality

Splendid Corrective!

The scarcity of certain foods, resulting in a less varied diet, is very liable to cause irregularity. In such cases, Lixen is a splendid corrective. It does not purge or gripe. It forms no habit. Prepared from senna pods by a special process that removes all harshness, it helps the system back to regularity in a safe, healthy way. Lixen is equally suitable for young or old.

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8.
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Laxative